The World.

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THE EVENING

AN OLD-FASHIONED CHRISTMAS.

In weather conditions a genuine old-fashioned Christmas, with a blanket of snow several inches thick and warranted to remain pure and clean for perhaps a day. The trees miracles of beauty in their white adornment. Not a day for golf or wheeling or other new-fangled outdoor sports, but one calculated to fill park and boulevard with sleighs and the hillsides with sleds.

Apparently also a better than the old-fashioned Christmas is the wider prevalence of the Christmas spirit of good will as manifested in the attempt to make others happy by gifts. Certainly a better one in the number of concerted efforts to make the day one of good cheer for the destitute. As items and evidences of this endeavor:

The Evening World's thousand dinner baskets, with chicken and plum pudding and candy for 6,000.

Frank Tilford's dinner to the newsboys and his dinner and Christmas tree for the "Little Mothers."

The Salvation Army's noble charity of basket dinners and its dinner for 2,500 at the Grand Central Palace.

Dinners by "Tim" Sullivan and the Bowery Mission and the Newboys' Lodging-House and by individual and public donors too numerous for record here.

And with it all the observance of the day with greater temperance. Fewer wassail bowls and fewer reeling persons in the streets, less egg-nog and fewer headaches, and these not least of the minor evidences of the improved behavior which is the best of all indications of the increase and extension of the Christmas spirit.

Christmas Trees.—He would be a rash statistician who would try to estimate the number of Christmas trees in New York homes to-day. The demand has been much larger than on previous Christmas Days. The Rutland road alone was reported two weeks ago to have shipped sixty-five carloads to the city from Northern Vermont and some counties of Northeastern New York. The trees are for the most part a stunted second-growth which can well be spared from the woods in return for the sentimental good they do in the city. As an example of the appreciation of value they are interesting. Their cost at the railroad station in the woods is about two and a half cents each.

SOME PHASES OF FEAR.

Dr. Lorenz, at his last public clinic in New York referred to his cure of an imaginary case of hip disease in Salt Lake City as his only miracle. A girl of sixteen who had fallen downstairs used crutches for two years in the belief that her hip was out of joint. Dr. Lorenz's examination showed that there was not the slightest trace of injury, and he ordered the crutches thrown away.

What fear can do in causing disease is an old story. An illustrative incident in an old school reader told of two Siberian convicts who contracted cholera and died of it from sleeping in a bed in which cholera patients, as they were led to believe, had slept before them. As a matter of fact, the bed had not been occupied by any sick person. Montaigne tells of a French gentleman who by way of a joke informed his dinner guests of a few days before that they had eaten baked cat at his table. One of the women who had been present died of the shock to her sensibilities.

Fear is also a curative agent. On Aug. 12 last it restored the use of his legs to Cornelius Westervelt, a crippled Hoboken fireman. The sight of a toppling wall about to fall on him gave him strength to run away from danger. It restored his voice to Albert Van Warren, a mute. While he was crossing the river at Susquehanna, Pa., on Jan. 4 last he felt the ice giving way under him and screamed out in fright.

These examples of the effects of fear gain an additional interest when read in connection with Prof. MacDonald's studies of children in Washington. He finds that a child's fears are not of natural origin, but are created by parents and servants. Children are mainly afraid of lightning, thunder, reptiles, strangers and the dark. These discoveries bear out those made by Prof. G. Stanley Hall in 1896, when he submitted questions about their fears to 2,000 persons. Thunder and lightning, he found, were the main causes of fear in grown persons as well. Lightning used to drive the Emperor Augustus into the inner chambers of his palace.

The great authority on fear is Prof. Mosso, of Turin, who wrote a book about it in which he recorded his own stage fright on addressing his first audience—his clammy hands, palpitating heart and ringing ears. Mosso says fear can be cured, but he advises beginning in the cradle. His message to American mothers through the Sunday World was: "Stop frightening children with bugaboos. The world has been doing it in every age. The Greeks did it, the Romans did it. Every people has done it. It must be stopped if we are to cultivate courage."

AN OLD BOWERY BOY.

The death is announced of Michael Maddigan, who, fifty years ago, was the Bowery's Beau Brummel. Twice a year for twenty years Maddigan visited London and Paris for a new wardrobe, and it is said that in all America there was no greater dandy. In later life he was a janitor.

To have been a prominent figure in New York in Maddigan's youth was an experience in life hard to duplicate for its variety and color. Was he present at the Prince of Wales's ball in the old Academy, and the even more elegant ball in honor of the Embassy from Japan, with whom we were cementing our first bond of friendship? We can fancy him drinking at the Metropolitan's bar, the finest in town, going to the theatre at Niblo's, hearing Jenny Lind in Castle Garden, attending the first night at Booth's.

Just around the corner from his favorite promenade occurred the Burdell murder; did he know Mrs. Cunningham? Was he on hand when the Dead Rabbits of Five Points joined issue with the Bowery Boys in Bayard street? From behind barricades of trucks and drays the rival gangs fought with paving stones, clubs and knives, and when the militia had cleared the streets four were dead and one hundred wounded. Was he on hand at the Astor Place riot when the Forrest and Macready factions came together and the Seventh charged up Lafayette place?

In the earlier days of Maddigan's dandihood the corner-stone of Cooper Union was laid, the Tombs erected and the first plotting of Central Park undertaken. The Bowery itself was one of the city's beautiful thoroughfares and Second avenue a rival of Fifth as a promenade. It is to be regretted that a stenographer could not have sat at Maddigan's bedside before his death at Bellevue.

JOKES OF THE DAY.

"What was the text of the Christmas sermon?"

"I was too busy studying the texture of the Christmas dresses to notice."

"Why did your wife give you a pocket-book for Christmas? You had one already."

"I suppose so's I'd have two instead of one to empty for presents next year."

"I'm glad Christmas and New Year's are a week apart."

"So am I. One has time to get used to a broken bank account before the broken resolutions begin piling up."

"How did that poem of yours turn out?"

"Oh," answered the author, "there was the difference of opinion that usually attends the production of a masterpiece. The postmaser insisted that it was first-class matter and the editor insisted that it was not."—Washington Star.

"You're always seeking trouble," said the wife,
"You hunt for it instead of going round it."
"Quite true," he answered, just to end her strife,
"And when I sought you out, my dear, I found it."

"That errand boy of mine used to move so fast when I first hired him that he made the telegraph posts look like teeth in a comb as he went past."

"Doesn't he go as fast now?"

"No; now he makes comb-teeth look like milestones."

"Yes; she admits that she had implicit faith in him when she married him."

"Well?"

"Well, she insists now that marriage is a faith cure."—Chicago Post.

"In every great movement don't you wish to be in the van?"

"Depends on who drives the van."

Said a sick man from old S. I.,
"Richmond Borough will not long be misland,
For chills and miasma,
Malaria and asthma
Will waft me, full soon, to the skisland."

"Why are you spending Christmas Day riding on the "L" instead of staying at home?"

"For the unique sensation of getting a seat for the first time in six months."

SOMEBODIES.

BEIDLER, CONGRESSMAN — owns Massillon mines which yield, yearly, 750,000 tons of coal, yet he cannot now get coal for his Washington home.

CARNEGIE, ANDREW—has offered $500,000, according to Walter Damrosch, for the purpose of perpetuating the Philharmonic Orchestra, on condition others subscribe enough to make a total fund of $1,000,000.

HIGGINSON, COL. T. W.—the famous historian, has just celebrated his eightieth birthday at his Cambridge (Mass.) home.

KING OF SIAM—has given thirty-nine volumes of the Tripitka (the Buddhist Bible) to the United States Congressional Library.

M'CARTHY, JUSTIN—novelist and statesman, is now over seventy-two years old, and has turned from fiction to history writing.

SMITH, REV. G. W.—a well-known clergyman of Culver, Ind., has given up the ministry and become a policeman.

NO OPPOSITION.

They were holding a county Convention when I reached Davisburg, and after dinner I went over to the hall to hear the speaking, says a writer in the Commercial Tribune. It didn't amount to much until Sam Walker rose up and said:

"I hain't bin sayin' much around yere to-day, but the time has cum fur me to shoot off my voice. The ole women is ag'in me, and my son Bill is ag'in me, but I want to go to the Legislachur from this deestrict. The ole woman is ag'in me 'cause I can't write. What do I want to write fur? Thar'll be nuff who kin without me. My son Bill is ag'in me 'cause I can't read. What do I want to read fur? Can't I sot thar and h'ar others read?

"Yes; I want to go to the Legislachur, and I hereby nominate myself. That nomination, feller citizens, is carried in favor as slick as coon grease, and I've got jist a word mo'. I shall be right yere on 'leckshun day, and the varmint who polls a vote ag'in Si Walker won't be residin' in this yere cold world five minits later."

A SILLY FAD.

Concerning the wearing of initials or monograms, which has become a mania with young girls, a man says: "I think that is the silliest fad I ever knew. Whenever I see a girl with an 'M.' stuck on her shoulder or arm—embroidered, I suppose you call it—I am seized with an almost irresistible temptation to say, 'Hello Mamie.' And when a girl comes along with a 'C.' sprawled over the ends of her stock I wonder if I dare to say, 'Good morning, Carrie,' or 'Cissy, wink.'"

A CHRISTMAS SONG.

Sing a song of Christmas joys,
Mistletoe and holly,
Candy, oranges and toys,
Laughing girls and shouting boys,
Aunts and uncles jolly.

Sing a song of Christmas trees
Many strange fruits bearing;
Costly gifts from over seas;
Simple, home-wrought gifts that please,
Fraught with love unsparing.

Sing a song of Christmas thought
For the poor and dreary,
Glad surprise to sad ones brought,
No poor little one forgot—
This makes Christmas cheery.

—Ruth Sprague, in the Philadelphia Press.

MR. HOTFOOT COMMUTER IS ON TIME, FOR ONCE.

But Alas! as Artist Kahles Shows, His Effort Is Wasted.

KNEW THE SEX.

Mrs. Shapeleigh—I am looking for something that will enable me to keep my skirts out of the mud.

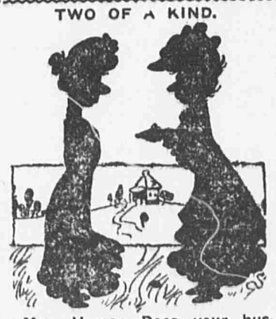
Floorwalker—Yes, ma'am. You will find the fancy hosiery in the basement.

CAUGHT ON THE REBOUND.

Softleigh (to the girl's small brother)—I say, Bobbie, what are you—aw—going to be when you grow up to be a man?

Bobby—Oh, I don't know. What are you going to be?

TWO OF A KIND.



Mrs. Homer—Does your husband spend his evenings at his club?

Mrs. Mixer—I don't know, I'm sure. I always stay at mine until he comes for me.

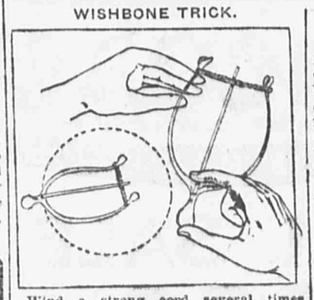
NEAR THE LIMIT.

Hiram Hayrix—Did I understand yew ter say thet th' soil in th' section yew visited wuz kind uv pore?

Silas Meddergrass—Reckon yew did, b'gosh. Why, it's so all-fired pore thet th' hogs won't take root in it.

WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENT IN THE HOME.

WISHBONE TRICK.



Wind a strong cord several times around the forked end of the wishbone and tie the ends of the cords together. Into the loop of cord thus formed insert a match and turn it around a number of times so as to twist the cord tightly and to draw the ends of the wishbone inward. Draw out the match until one end just reaches the closed end of the wishbone and hold it there with your finger.

DECIDEDLY EQUIVOCAL.

"I would like to ask you if you believe the plaintiff to be in the habit of speaking the truth?"

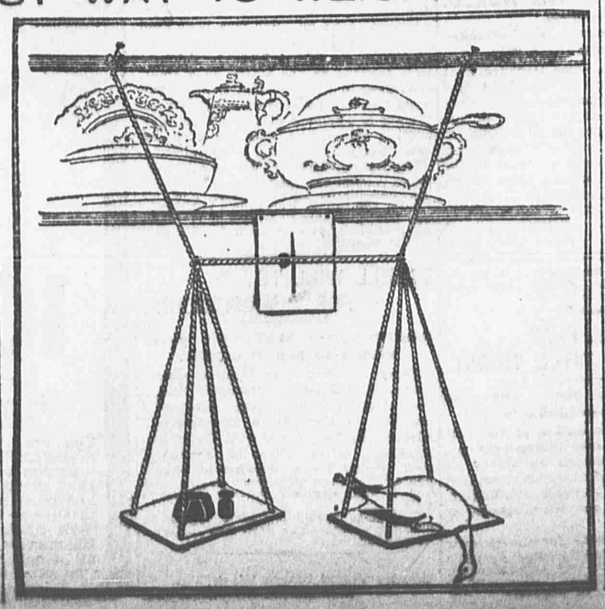
"Must I answer the question, Judge?"

"Yes."

"Well, I don't see how I can give a direct answer. I haven't spoken with the plaintiff for a week or more, and some habits are very quickly formed, you know."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AN EASY WAY TO WEIGH.

A good enough balance for ordinary purposes is made by suspending two equal pieces of thin board, tin or cardboard, from points six inches to right and left of a knot in the middle of a yard-long cord, the ends of which are tied to two nails two feet apart. A white card with a mark is tacked up behind the knot. The knot moves to the left when an object is put in the right scale pan. The weights that must be put in the left pan to bring the knot back to the mark give the weight of the object.



FUMBLE PING-PONG.

An ordinary ping-pong outfit and the dining-room table (rolled into the parlor for the occasion) greeted the arriving guest at a recent ping-pong fumble party. But the game was very far from being the ordinary one.

The difference lay in the manner of playing. Each person was obliged to manipulate his racquet with his left, instead of the right hand. The meaning of the word "fumble" in this connection was soon apparent, and with the first awkward stroke fun began.

This change of hands reduced the champion ping-pongist of the town to the rank of tyro. It so fell out that a girl who had never played a game of the ordinary sort won first prize at fumble.

A candy holder made to represent the box in which the game comes and filled with chocolates rewarded the victor.

THE MAN HIGHER UP.

AS TO THE MAN WITH WHISKERS

"I SEE there was a man with long whiskers on the Laura Biggar jury," remarked the cigar-store man.

"Ah-h-h," said The Man Higher Up, "the man with the long whiskers! What would we do without the man with the long whiskers? He is the meal-ticket of the grafter, the acquitter of the female on trial. He is the furze from which we spin the long green that makes the mare go and buys the lobster a la Newburg. The mint of the man who lives without working and the woman who lives by making a bluff at working is the man with the long whiskers.

"Far be it from me to say," continued The Man Higher Up, in an explanatory manner, "that I classify every man with long whiskers among the soft marks. I have seen them produce when they had a bare face, but it is a strange thing that the man with the long whiskers is the genius that answers the marriage advertisements, is the wise guy that buys the phoney stocks, is the complainant in the police courts against people who have a constitutional aversion to physical effort when such effort might produce sweat of the brow.

"Speaking of whiskers, it has always occurred to me that a man who wears a portiere on his face is a combination of a hero and a baby's bank. Whether rightly or not, it has come to be a conviction of people who make a specialty of separating people from their bankrolls by the exercise of hot-air pressure that the man with the long whiskers is a synonym for easy money.

"I have friends who wear foliage on their features and are as proud of the foliage as a gardener is of a well-trimmed lawn. One of them has a hirsute decoration that makes him look like a cross between a sealion and a Christmas tree. He says he wears it to protect his throat. You will find, if you investigate, that the average man who wears whiskers has an excuse for wearing them.

"Why a man should make a field out of his visage was a mystery to me until I began to study the pictures in the papers illustrating the complainants and defendants in cases involving the violent separation of money from the possessors thereof. Look them over yourself.

"On the other hand, as the comedian says when he changes his cuff, you will observe that the man with the long whiskers is somewhat of a figure in affairs. Look at Oom Paul Kruger. He has a bunch of excelsior that would put an exploded mattress to shame. But he made good. I find that whiskers will insist upon spreading upon the faces of men who have ideas one way or the other—putting it in or taking it out."

"Do you think all men ought to shave clean?" asked the cigar-store man.

"If you passed a law like that," replied The Man Higher Up, "the man with the long whiskers would find some other way to identify himself."

BORNEO'S WILD MEN.

Two men of science are exploring the island of Celebes, adjacent to Borneo, bent on proving the existence of that creation of the county fair and the "side show," the wild man of Borneo. Dr. Paul and Dr. Fritz Sarasin are the explorers.

They learned that the wild men, or "wood men," were confined to a certain district and were subject to a rajah. They proceeded to this district bearing gifts to the potentate. Under the influence of a wise distribution of presents the explorers so worked on the rajah that he agreed to show them certain types of the wood men who were held in captivity.

He had a man, two women and a child brought before the scientists, who decided at a glance that they belonged to the primitive race of man. These specimens, however, were half tamed and had been in captivity so long that they had lost many of the characteristics of their race. The rajah added that the real wild men lived in the mountains.

Protected by nature to a large extent, they live in the fashion of men of the stone age, without many of the accomplishments of gentlemen of that period. They defend themselves with stones, not even having learned the art of making the stone hatchet, which indicates that they are considerably behind the state of civilization in which our ancestors of the stone age lived.

They are cave dwellers, not having learned to build shelters and probably not caring to. They are monogamous. Culture is at such a low ebb with them that they cannot even count, and they do not know how to tell a lie. They are in such a primitive state that they have to tell the truth. Possibly their vocabulary is not sufficiently developed.

These stories of the rajah have interested the scientists, and they are now in the mountains trying to find the real "wild man of Borneo."

MEN OF TALENT LIVE LONG.

It is a very common but erroneous belief that brain work is destructive of physical strength, says the Chicago Chronicle. The fact is that men of thought and mental force have always been distinguished for their age. Colon, Sophocles, Pindar, Anacreon and Xenophon were octogenarians. Kant, Buffon, Goethe, Fontenelle and Newton were over eighty. Michael Angelo and Titian were eighty-nine and ninety-nine respectively. Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood, lived to be eighty. Many men have done excellent work after they have passed eighty years. Lander wrote his "Imaginary Conversations" when eighty-five; Isaak Walton wielded a ready pen at ninety. Hahnemann married at eighty and was still working at ninety-one. Michael Angelo was still painting his giant canvases at eighty-nine and Titian at ninety worked with the vigor of his early years.

Fontenelle was as light-hearted at ninety-eight as at forty, and Newton at eighty-three worked as hard as he did in middle life. Cornaro was in far better health at ninety-five than at thirty and was as happy as a sandboy. At Hanover Dr. Du Boisy was still practising as a physician in 1897, going his daily rounds at the age of 103. William Reynolds Saimon, M. R. C. S., of Conbridge, Glamorganshire, died on March 11, 1897, at the age of 106. At the time of his death he was the oldest known individual of indisputably authenticated age, the oldest physician, the oldest member of the Royal College of Surgeons, England, and the oldest Freemason in the world.

SHADOW PANTOMIMES.

This amusement makes lots of fun for the evening. Fix a white sheet across the room, or, what is better, over folding doors, and place a lamp behind it on the floor. Seat the company before the screen, without lights, says the Pittsburg Gazette. The actors dance and act behind the sheet, on which their magnified shadows are cast by the lamp. Occasionally they jump over the lamp, and thus appear to the spectators in front as if they had jumped upward through the ceiling. Some amusing scenes may be contrived with a little ingenuity—chairs and tables may be sailed down from above by passing them across the light; a struggle between two seeming combatants may take place, and one may be seen to throw the other up in the air on the same principle. Of course, the actors must promote the delusion by their hands and feet as if climbing upward. Care should be taken to keep the profile on the screen as distinct as possible, and practice will soon suggest some highly humorous situations.